Altruism is just as all pervading as selfshness if one only looks for it in the right place. It is altruism, pure and simple, which leads one to write of the spring bridegroom.

The public is simply overwhelmed with descriptions of the vernal bride. It is told, for example, that Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt had thirty trunks filled with her trousseau, and if others of her less fortunate sisters have not thirty trunks they have at least, if fashion notes can be believed, plenty of boxes, wardrobes, &c., filled repletion with lacy lingerie and charming

frocks. The public is told what the bride will wear at the altar and what she will go away. in It is sometimes informed as to her coming-back dress. It is kept informed own tie, put his own stude in his linen? Does he have to pack his own bag and forget his own toothbrush, as is the proper

that he has forgotten to put on in his nervous haste? Does he solace himself with a high-ball while he keeps the open book before him and recites loudly, "With all my goodly words I thee endow ??

Or is he fortunate enough to pose products who come from some unknown chaos of like experiences and have about them on the morning of the ceremony a rather sardonic grin, as if they knew where it was all going to end?



her house decorations. Nothing is allowed to escape, not even papa's gift or the real lace from the maiden aunt.

The spring bride is put under the microscope for the inspection of the public.
There is nothing left for the imagination to feed upon.

Only one necessary feature is omitted from this mess of description, and that is the spring bridegroom. Occasionally it is mentioned casually that the bride-to-be is to marry Mr. So-and-so and, if there is plenty of space, it may be added that he belongs to such and such a club.

Of course, it is generally conceded that the bridegroom is a rather insignificant figure. He is necessary, like the ring and book, but from a picturesque or advertising at and point he is more or less a failure.

The idea of a bridegroom is being scared at the altar suggests a wasteful excess of unusual feeling, for no one notices and no one cares about him. The attendants at the church or house function are interested only in the bride, her appearance, the cost of her frock's trimmings, and, incidentally,

her emotions. nce, is troubling himselfas to the manner of the bridegroom's dress ing for the occasion? And yet there are few who, even if they have not been present at such a sentimental time, have not pictured the scene of the dressing of the bride over and over; the weeping mother, the deft maid; the presents arriving at the last moment; the bridesmaids crowding into the apartment, in their frilly frocks; the bride timorous and doubtful, or care-

less and happy?.

But what of the bridegroom? Who dresses the bridegroom? Does he tie his

way with bridegrooms?--there is ascertain largeness of view about a man who forgets the trivial at such a itme. Does his favorite bullpup chew the shoe

valet, one of those mysterious French

The proposals of Alphonse are rarely made in the manner stated in the modern novel. Alphonse is very apt to forget his lines or his cue, and with whatever forethought he may have approached the psy-chological moment, he is liable to get as rattle d as Maeterlinok's adjectives when the opportunity comes. It is a pity that that particular part of marital preliminaries could not be left in the care of the loquacious sex. This, of course, does not imply that some do not take it, by force of arms, so to speak.

A woman would do it so gracefully.

It is said by those who know that a woman

on their sensitive memories; some exhibit

maiden blushes until in pity you withdraw

your inspection. It is natural to suppose

One can't blame them. It is all very well

to hold up the list of the rejected for amuse-

ment or irony, as the case may be, but to

admit that the Only One was guilty of such

woman, even in the privacy of a feminine

a little. It's "tact, tact, tact, you know."

her other nyme?"

She would never forget to say that he was the only one she ever loved, as Alphonse s so apt to do. In the bright lexicon of mutual admiration, forever means perhaps a year, and

eternity a decade, and she would never falter over these words, having learned them in that volume. Alphonse is liable to star mer at these times, carelessly using the unabridged edition. One bridegroom interviewed will do

for many. What did I say to her when I asked her?"



SHE PROMISES TO OBEY!

he repeated, walking up and down with his hands in his pockets and looking a little as a child looks when caught with Ittle as a child looks when caught with his fingers in the marmalade.

"Well, do you know," he went on, with a look of engaged fright which he had worn ever since the engagement was announced, "do you know, I suppose it might be said that I never—er—really asked her, right out, I never thought of it until—well—something came up about her father, and then it occurred to me that I had never exactly treated her right in the matter. So, then I said:

"Oh, by the way, Fanny, I believe I never asked you. Will you have me?"
"You see we had decided on the color of the dining-room paper and just how much we might leave toward wedding presents, and it did seem a little late.
"But Fan isn't a girl to stand on ceremony. She laughed and said 'Certainly,' just exactly as if I had asked her to have a lemon ice. and the bride, if she be a sensible young woman, will not demand too much of her flance's time and attention in that interval. As he will probably tell her, if she asks, the last few days should be spent in thoughtful meditation-a general sobering up, so

a lemon ice.

"That's what I like about Fan, she isn't at all conventional; in fact, I believe we never were really introduced in the Mr. So and So let me present you to Miss So and So style. We just met at a picnic or a house party and took the matter into our own hands."

"What did you say to her father?" he will never tell what her husband said to her on the momentous occasion when he asked her " 'ow'd she fawncy 'Awkins for Certain it is that a woman usually manages to evade this inquiry by hook or by crook. Some look forgetful, although, of course, the whole ceremony is indelibly stamped

was asked.

The bridegroom lost his air of pleasing

your questions; some refuse outright, on the pies that it is too sacred a subject for that these latter helped the matter along

The bridegroom lost his air of pleasing reminiscence.

"That," he admitted, "was the most awful experience I have ever had.

"For days I felt pretty savage toward Fan. It seemed to me that as she had been elastic about other conventionalities she might stretch a point here, but I believe she enjoyed my discomfiture.

"As it was her father, not mine, I felt as if she might run the affair and just say to me kindly, 'Now, dear Tom, don't you worry about pa. I'll tend to him—you just come in to supper Sunday night and it will be all fixed." There didn't really seem to be any starving need for me to make myself miserable, and at first I thought she would look at the affair just as I did—as something to be avoided rather than run into. So I said, one day, in rather an offhand manner:

"I suppose it will be necessary, Fan, to say something or other to the old man, won't it?"

"She started right up.

"Would you like to see him now? she asked.

I dragged her back quickly by the skirt a speech as he probably uttered at that time is beyond the fortitude of the average

asked.

I dragged her back quickly by the skirtheard the lining rip.
Not now,' I said hastily. What's your

hurry?

"I had assumed, of course, being a girl of such fine, delicate feelings, she would say, 'Oh it isn't necessary.'



READING THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

"After that two or three times, she hinted gently that her father was home but I was awfully obtuse. Then she spoke right out and asked if I didn't want to see himfor anything. One time I had an awful headache and could'nt brace myself up and the other time I had had a cocktail with my dinner and F would'nt insuit any girl by asking her father for her at such a time.

time.

"Then she began to treat me rather oddly, and I saw that something was wrong. I couuld not irragine what it was but after I had surprised her in tears a few times, I made a clean breast of it. I was deadly afraid of her parent and admitted it. I would rather have faced a den of lions with the door open than go down and ask for Fan's future of her father.

"It rather amused her for she had always bullied her paternal relative a little and could not believe that any one would be

bullied her paternal relative a little and could not believe that any one would be really afraid of him. I argued with her, but it made no difference; she was simply obdurate, unconventional in everything else, she was conventionality itself in this.

'I must ask him; that was the sum and substance of it all.

'Finally a brilliant idea struck me.

'I'll write to him,' I announced gayly.

'That would be fine,' she answered with a gentle irony, particularly as he knows you are here every day. It is so romantic, too, to ask a girl's father for her in a typewritten letter.'

"Te don't have to be typewritten,' I responded gloomly.

"Do you suppose pa would give up his evening paper to worry over your handwriting?"

"That was a facer but it was deserved.



BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN.

I had to give up the letter-writing scheme.

"Could'nt I just drop into the office casually, hand him a good cigar, and ask him then?"

casually, hand him a good cigar, and ask him then?

"She sighed wearily.

"Pa, would just look over his spectacles at you and growl out: "Well, young man, I'm very busy. What can I do for you?" You'd run, I know you. Besides he always has three clerks in the office with him; you don't want to ask before them, do you.

"Couldn't I meet him on the corner:—this was the desperation of weakness and I showed it in my voice and manner.

"He doesn't wait on corners, as a genera thing, for young men to come up and ask for his only daughter."

"Then I meditated a little. As long as it had to come, it seemed to me that perhaps it might just as well come then.

"I had not slept for two or three nights worrying over it so I said with assumed courage: 'Where is he?' She pointed



toward the door that led into the library. Then she turned away and buried her head in the sofa cushions.

"I thought at the time she was a little worried herself notwithstanding her apparent surety, but I believe that she was in fits of laughter; in fact, she confided to me that she never saw any one with such a woebegone face on as I had, and her sense of humor is wonderfully acute.

"It is easy to imagine that a man who has lived through his days of sentiment and is busied with money getting and the rise and fall of stocks only must find it a little.

"It is easy to imagine that a man who has lived through his days of sentiment and is busied with money getting and the rise and fall of stocks only must find it a little.

"It is easy to make the did not hear.

"Would you be so good, I stammered.

"He looked up then, and glanced at me over his spectacles—you know the way an older man does when he wants to make a younger one feel as if he were as green as pickles. He gazed at me fully a minute and I stood turning at least three different colors.

"Then I coughed; still he did not hear.

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"Then he younger one feel as if he were as green as pickles. He gazed at me fully a minute and I stood turning at least three different colors.

the home and similarly complimentary terms.

"But so long as it was incumbent upon me to do as Fan wished, I had determined to do it in style. I would make just as flowery a speech as it was possible, one that I would not be ashamed to repeat to Fan when I returned. I had practically tabulated it in the night watches, but, in the trip from drawing room to library. I went all over it again; it ran as near as I can remember something like this:

"Have sowed my wild oats; not an oat since I met your lovely daughter.

"Attracted many times; susceptible to beauty in its various pheses, perhaps, sir, you can understand this, having been—sh!

"Never really loved but once—her.
"Bright star of bope; the only girl.

"A dutiful, loving son—to be."

"What did he say?" asked Fan.

"It isn't so much what he said," I answered gently, my lost composure having returned, as what I said," I thought it a pity that the speech conned in the midnight hours should be lost, so I recited it to Fan.

"That is what I said," I ended triumphantly.

"She was awfully overcome. I never was the rest of the evening.

"I have often wondered since then if an ever asked her father what I really did say. I don't believe she ever did for she sawfully proud of me and she certanly could not be if she knew."

When it comes to the financial part of the

"He shock me by the hand, keeping his other in its place, in the book.
"That was all.
"Then I went back to Fan. I don't think I ever felt smaller. I determined to get even with him some time, when we were better acquainted.

"What did he say?" asked Fan.

"It isn't so much what he said." I are wered gently, my lost composure having a rewered gently, my lost composure having



DRESSING THE BRIDEGROOM.

"Income—\$3,000.

"Prospects—grandfather, 84, feeble.
"Ramily—simply delighted. She will be a daughter.
"We love each other.'
"Now, I don't think that was bad for a starter; of course, I intended to amplify it a little and make it less stacotto in style.
"But some way, when I looked in the den and saw him sitting there reading a book, his feet in his slippers and the evening paper by his side, my new-found eloquence simply dried up. I couldn't think of a thing to say.

"I felt in my pocket for a cigar. I remembered all at once that 'Nip had gone down two shares and I remembered that Fan in a burst of confidence one day told me that pa was deeply interested in 'Nip.'
"He had his pipe in his mouth and he was biting it hard. I rattled the curtain a little, but he apparently did not hear.
"Then I coughed; still he did not hear.
"At lest I mustered my few flickering."

"At lest I mustered my few flickering on? Not at all. After

in-law. Did he come to

in-law. Did he come to see how the turtle doves were getting on? Not at all. After he had looked disapproval at several expensive furnishings, he drew the bill from the florist from his pocket and handed it to me saying he thought there had been a little mistake.

"The bill was for \$100 and I wondered how I could have been such a fool as to have said it didn't matter how much they cost. It did matter a good deal. It seems to me that if father-in-law had been a man of fine feelings, he would have paid that bill without saying a word. No man likes to face his past in that way."

## ROMANCE OF THE WATER FRONT

THERE'S DONOVAN WHO WON AND LOST A HALF MILLION.

Now He's Back at the Point Where He Started His Staten Island Ferry-"Old Ripley's" Vigit—A River Man Walt-ing to Be Drewned—A Lengthere-nan With Money and Adventures. Pat Donovan's life is typical of many

that have been lived along the waterfront of many a city.

Pat Donovan may be found seven days

in the week at the end of a rotten wharf jutting out from Staten Island into New York Bay, near the little railroad station at New Brighton. He wears a sou'wester over his grizzled, age-worn face, and he is always ready to ferry all who venture on the pier across the arm of the bay to the factory-lined Jersey shore, a good mile

away. Most of his passengers are workers in the factories, who have their homes in Staten Island beyond the pall of smoke. Once in a good while, a stranger picks his way along the wharf and lowers himself into one of the aged ferryman's boats.

A minute or two later the boat glides past the half-submerged wreck of what apparently was once a fine craft of some sort. Then, as the stranger looks with curiosity at the heavily-rusted machinery, remnants of a gilded cabin, and the crumbling pilothouse, Pat Donovan shifts his tobacco and anticipates his passenger's

That," he says, with gruff cheerfulness, 'is what is left of my fortune.

Yes, sir,' he continues, after letting
the boat drift close up to and past the

wreck and then resuming the oars, "there's the remains of forty years' work, and here I am, a man of seventy odd, doing the same thing I did when I started out getting what's sunk back of you, sir.
"Look behind you and see what I used

own. Just about a mile of the waterfront near the railroad station. Guess I was worth pretty close to a half a million at one time, all made by working night and day along here from the day I landed from Ireland until fifteen years ago.

"Yes, sir, I started out ferrying as a "Yes, sir, I started out ferrying as a "Yes, right here where I'm ferrying."

youngster right here where I'm ferrying you across now. That was fifty years ago. Been ferrying ever since, too, but not in a rowboat all that time. No, sir-ree. I've taken 'em over in as fine a steam craft as ever carried passengers in New York Bay. And that's why I'm rowing 'em across toods.

Tell you how it was. Fifteen years ago I got tired seeing my men rowing pas-

sengers over and I thought of the property I'd managed to get hold of with my savings from year to year.

"I calculated I had several hundred thousand dollars in real estate and buildings on it, and so I said to myself: "Pat, I reckon you've got enough money to take your oustomers across in a decent boat." And I gave orders for a steam ferryboat to be built.

Who will throw light on the convention

what he will do or say if she laughs-as she

as this could not be omitted, and is, consequently, rescued from the oblivion which

hovers about the rest of his actions and

There was a time when the bachelor

dinner was given the night before. For

obvious reasons this custom has bowed to a happier one, and it is easy to tell just

what kind of dinner took place by the length of time which elapses between it and the ceremony proper.

Sometimes a week or ten days intervene,

standpoint?

surely will.

thoughts. .

And I gave orders for a steam lerryboat to be built.

"She was as fine a craft as ever ploughed her way through the Bay—white sides, gold paint, and looking glasses in cabins, and a pilot house with hard wood work and brass trimmings. Lord, I was proud of her—so stuck up proud that I took her across myself the first week, and she behaved like the trim little lady she was.

"Then, one day I didn't feel like working, and I turned her over to a hired pilot—and damn me, sir, she burned to the water's edge that same day.

and damn me, sir, she burned to the water's edge that same day.

"Discouraged? A boatman never stops pulling in a squall. I was in love with the Mary O'Donnell, and I made up my mind to bring her up from the grave, which I did, though it cost me another \$25,000 mortgage on my property.

Pat Donovan spat reflectively over the boat's side.

mortgage on my property.

Pat Donovan spat reflectively over the boat's side.

"Same old story—she burned a second time, two months later. But her bones are not back yonder. They belong to Mary O'Donnell, the third, and she went like the others.

"Yes, sir, those boats burned up under my very feet in less than five years, and that's why I lost my nerve for a while and then lost what property I had left after clearing off the mortgages.

"Doesn't pay to lose your nerve, does it? Well. I got mine back after a time, and set about rowing across here as I'd done before I could rub two quarters together; and here I am, still at it.

"Ever wish for my fortune back?" The steel-gray eyes twinkled. "Can't say I ever did. Ain't I doing what I did when I had the Mary O'Donnells—taking 'em across?

"Doing something was my best pleasure

I had the Mary O'Donnells—taking 'em across?

"Doing something was my best pleasure then, and doing something gives me my best times now. Besides, ain't I got the memory of the days when I had plenty of money and when folks called me 'Mr. Donovan,' and not plain Pat?

"Just to think of those fine times, when I'm smoking my pipe of nights, and to know that I've tasted of 'em, is enough to keep me feeling happy now.

"Then there's the bones of the last Mary O'Donnell back there. Why, every time I row past 'em I laugh at the thought of myself strutting 'round in a uniform and bawling like mad at the deckhands and scaring the passengers half to death with my importance. Yes, sir.

"Why should I feel gloomy? Ain't I rowing 'em across just the same?"

"Old Ripley" was another Staten Island waterfront man with a history and a for-

"Old Ripley" was another Staten Island waterfront man with a history and a fortune. He had blue blood, besides, for he was descended from one of the old Huguenot families that settled on the island in the young years of America—a family of noble lineage.

He was the last of his family, because,

he said. "love of the water keeps me from by those who knew "Old Ripley" that his love of the water was inspired by an un-conquerable desire to be near the place where the betrothed of his young manhood oet her life while attempting to cross the

lost her life while attempting to cross the Arthur Kill during a squall.

From that day "Old Ripley" neglected his business in New York and took to hanging around the wharf of the little suburb where his flamose had embarked to her death. His friends, unable to make him forget, desisted after awhile, and then "Old Ripley" swiftly sank to the level in which he stayed for passive thirty years.

after awhile, and then "Old Ripley" swiftly sank to the level in which he stayed for nearly thirty years.

He did odd jobs to keep body and soul together, but always near the water. He slept, summer and winter, as close to the water as he could get. And when he was neither working nor sleeping he could be found gazing out over the kill, where the girl and her brother had drowned.

The only pleasure that "Old Ripley" ever permitted himself he indulged in whenever he was able to scrape up enough money to hire a boat for an hour of two, or was successful in pleading with some of his acquaintances for the loan of one.

Then he would pull out into the kill and furiously row up and down until worn out, when he would leisurely make the land and slink off to the nearest saloon, his uncut hair and long bristling beard flaring out in all directions.

"Old Ripley's" end was in keeping with his life. He rolled off the wharf on which he was sleeping one summer's night. They picked up his body several days later over on the opposite shore, and the old man's riverfront acquaintances, who were conversant with his romance, vowed that the body went ashore at the place where his sweetheart was making for when her boat capsized.

There is a river man in Pittsburg who has been waiting for half of man's allotted span of years to be drowned in the Ohio. He believes implicitly that he will not, cannot, die any other way. His reason for his

not, die any other way. His reason for his belief he states in a matter-of-fact way:

"The men of my family have been river men ever since they settled here in the latter part of the eighteenth century. They've all loved the water; they've all lived by it, and they've all died in it.

"My great-grandfather and one of his sons sank with a raft off Cincinnati. My grandfather was drowned, along with his wife and two daughters, in an explosion on the Monongahela, as the boat was about entering the Ohio.

"I saw my father knocked senseless off a coal barge during a fight, and he never rose above the Ohio's surface. Three years ago my brother and a cousin were capsized during a storm a piece down the river, and their bodies were found a week later.

"Now, I'm the only one of my family left, and the Ohio is waiting for me. It will get me some day just as sure as I'm talking to you; and then, maybe, it'll be contented. "Why don't I leave the river? I can't.
It's got its hold on me. And what good

would it do if I did try something else? I'd come back to the river some day, because I couldn't stay away, and then I'd be no better off.
"No: the river is bound to take me when it wants me, it knows that, and I know it. But I'm not letting that spoil my good times.

"I figure it out that we've all got to die in some way or another, and mine will be by going in the way my father did, and his father's father before him."

The average longahoreman is not regarded as a man who would have much romance in his life, but a certain long-shoreman in Philadelphia has had varied

shoreman in Philadelphia has had varied adventures all over the world.

By his own admissions he has served in the British Army, has seen fighting in South American revolutions, has campaigned with the French in Africa, and knows something of German army life.

His statements are backed up by his knowledge of foreign military matters and his ability to speak half a dozen languages. And two long scars that disfigure his face, and look as if they were made by swords, furnish further evidence of the good faith of his words.

furnish further evidence of the good faith of his words.

Though a longshoreman, with a daily wage of something under \$2, be lives, not in one of the waterfront boarding-houses that his fellow workers haunt, but in a second-rate hotel in the centred part of the city, where the rates for ropms alone equal his earnings. He has been staying there for ten years, and whenever he pays his bill it is by check.

The first time that he offered a check it was politely refused.

"If you are afraid of it," smiled the man, just call up the — Bank and ask them about me."

The clerk did so, and this was the reply he got:

The clerk did so, and this was the reply he got:

"Certainly, ft's all right. He's good for many times that sum any day."

But who the man is, or where he has made his money, or why he persists in working as a longshoreman, no one can satisfactorily say. Those who knew as much as this of his history believe him to be an Englishman, with blooded family ties. But that is only guess work, as are also their conjectures about his wealth.

And for his apparent relish for the rough work of a longshoreman they have no explanation except that which the man himself gives:

self gives:
"I love the waterfront, and so I work on it." The Kaiser Seldom in Plain Clothes.

The Kaiser Seldom in Plain Clothes.

From the London Express.

Few Germans have seen the Kaiser in plain clothes. Yet he does wear them sometimes, but only when it is absolutely necesary, for he prefers uniform, even at home. The time he is in mufti in Berlin is when he goes to his tennis court. He then wears a white fannel suit, but out of doors covers it with a military cloak. When he is in England, however, mufti is the rule. This salso the only time that anybody has ever seen the Kaiser in a dinner jacket or a black dress coat. dress coat.

Formerly the Kaiser ordered all his plaim clothes from England, browns and light grays being his favorite colors, but now he orders everything in Berlin and Petedam, mostly in the latter place.

## POEMS BY THE VASSAR GIRLS.

RHYMES OF THE COW. THE HEN

AND A TYRANT NAMED DOWNING. The Fun the Young Women Have Also Described in Verse-Athletic Feats

POUGHEREPSIE, April 18.—The Vassarion for 1903 is just out. It is profusely illustrated with original sketches by members of the graduating class and pictures of the various athletic organizations, scenes of the graduating class and pictures of the various athletic organizations, scenes from the various Hall plays and views of the new chapel and the senior parlor. The book is dedicated to Miss Gertrude Buck,

associate professor of English.

A portrait is given of each of the 152 members of the graduating class, and to each a poetical tribute is paid. Some of these tributes are as follows:

We grant, altho' she had much wit, And still the wender grew, That one small head could carry all she knew.

Those who are good shall be happy.
They shall sit in the golden chair,
And splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of comet's hair.

A beaming apparition sent To teach the use of ornament. Too tall and a little too flery.

My tongue within my lips I rein, For who talks much must talk in vain. Deep on her front engraven Deliberation sat, and public care. Under the heading of "Class Room

Memories" the poetic muse is woosed with interesting results. The following "Thoughts on the Visual Range of the Modern Cow" are presented: Now take the simple-minded cow-It walks about and knows not how To sweep the vast horizon o'er, Such lack of sight must be a bore. How dull to be a quad-ru-ped, And go about with hanging head!

And never the horizon sweep, A life like that would make one weep. "Remarks on the Hen" are rhymed thus How stupid is the farmyard hen! How blind to truth and factij She does not know that chickens peep

She tries to make the ducklings roos The following poetlo gems adorn respec-tively pages 231 and 252: And I deemed my room quite spoiled by an ugly inside blind:
But I thought of Mr. Downing, that man of great renown,
And I said, "I shall demand that Mr. Downing take it down."

So I sought the elevator, and gave the order "Down! Right down to Mr. Downing, whom I mean to try to down."
Said the Angel of the Lift, "Beware! In all Poughkeepsie town
I am the only man who dares take Mr. Downing down."

"My real name is Downing-that fact do not for-And if I were you I wouldn't try to call me 'down' just yet;
But though I may be Downing, attil you'll not be downing me.
For downing Mr. Downing isn't easy as can be." He paused: I fled precipitate before his awful frown,
Nor stopped till down upon my downy bed I threw
me down.
Then wrote down in my memory, as I wet the down
with tears,
That downing Mr. Downing is a task for future
years.

THE LOUD. TRE LOUD.

We are the cause of many a clause in the Students' Constitution.

That element we, in old V. C.,
Which makes for dissolution.

Our motto is ever "Restrain thyself never,
Give voice to thine every whim,
Pour out thy soul to the world as a whole
And heed not the Proctor grim."

The outermost walls of the college halls
Resound to our laughter gay
And the wee sma' hours attest the powers
Of the creed which we obey.

Of the creed which we obey.

That morbid maiden, with conscience laden, Known as the Corridor-Rep..

Creeps gently o'er the shrilling floor With light and shealthy step:
And whenever the beat of her slippered feet, Which only the guilty hear.

Pauses once more beaded our door.

We slip for the fate that is near:
But we laugh like sin at the sheepish grin With which she quotes the laws.
And we offer her food in suen generous mood That she ceases to plead the cause.

And the soft retreat which we force her to beat is hastened by wild applause.

Is hastened by wild applause.

We are daughters of mirth and laughter
And the friends of carriess case.
The stream of sound that envelops us wound
Doth ne'er for a moment cease.
We pace the hall like a giant tall
With firm and awful tread
And great is the wor of our neighbor below,
At the noise above her head.
The shoes which protest with a fiendish sest
As we eaper about the room.
We drop o'er her head when we go to bed
With a sound like the crack of doom.
And we open our eyes with the first sunrise;
Her torture to resume.

From the "Vassar College Blue Book,"
incorporated in the Vassarion, it is learned
that "the college at present consists of
2,50% alumn.e, 70 members of the faculty
(co-educational), and 864 students.

coeducational), and S64 students. It is remarked facetiously that "in 1830 the management of the college was formally handed over to Mr. William Downing."

Under the head of "Suggestions" appear the following items:

"To those scientifically inclined, rich is supported by the college was formally handed over to Mr. William Downing."

"I don't care if it is swell, I don't like mint in my coffee."

"Oh, dear," replied the other loftily, "It is really delicious. I never think of taking my demi-tasse without it."

ground for research is offered by the constant variations of Poughkeepsie mud., Some may consider this a subject beneath them, but it is, in reality, practically inexhaustible."

"We should all profit by the example of the employees of the Poughkeepsis street car company, who manage to do an enormous amount of 'friendly visiting,' along the route."

The athletic records made by Vascar students in field day contests are as follows:

50-yard dash, 7 seconds. A. S. Wood, 08, 190-yard dash, 13-1-5 seconds. F. James, 04, 120-yard rua, 31, 1-5 seconds. J. B. Lockwood, 120-yard nurdle, 20 seconds. J. B. Lockwood, 120-yard proad jump, 47 ft. 3-yin. E. Gardner, 08, Standing broad jump, 47 ft. 3-yin. E. Gardner, 08, Standing broad jump, 77 ft. 61n. M. Calboun, 01, Pence vault, 4 ft. 10-y in. J. B. Lockwood, 120-yard relay race, 42 4-5 sec. 1901.

The field championship was won by 1903 and 120-basketball championship was won by 1903.

The appointments for class day and com-mencement, on June 7, and 10, respectively, are as follows: Class Day Committee, Helen Louise Whitmore, Clare Allen, Jane Priscilla Sousa, Louisa Hoyt Merritt, Caroline Met-calf Benton, Louisa Chapin, Lillian Elmina, McCarthy; Class Historian, Catherine Crys-tal Eastman; Seuior Spade Orator, Mary Leabella Starr; Junior Spade Orator, Jean-The appointments for class day and com-McCarthy; Class Historian, Catherine Crystal Eastman; Seuior Spade Orator, Mary Isabella Starr; Junior Spade Orator, Jeannette Stuart Taylor.

Commencement speakers; Florence Mary Bennett, Gertrude Louisa Besse, Emily Beekman Dunning, Florence Hannah, Susannah Jane McMurphy, Celia Aracid Spicer.

From the Chicago Tribune

That the advice, "Watch how others do and then do likewise," is not always good to social aspirants was illustrated the other evening at a dinner given by a young matron in honor of a guest of acknowledged social

standing.

When coffee was served, and with it the indispensable chocolate mints, the guest was seen to take one of the sweets and toy with the coffee cup. Instanting it gracefully over her coffee cup. Instantife every woman at the table did likewise. Evidently some new wrinkle of fashion was south to be exhibited. Every eye was on the facest and on the mint drop. Determination to follow the leader and give no sign that they were not in the habit of doing this new trick every day was written on every face. The sudden calm caused the guest to look up, and as she did so she inadvertently dropped her mint into the tiny cup. To her surprise a series of clinks ran around the table as each of the rural ones followed her mis-

take.
Appreciating the situation, the guest-hastily gulped down her coffee to hide her mirth.